

T H I R T Y
I N C H E S

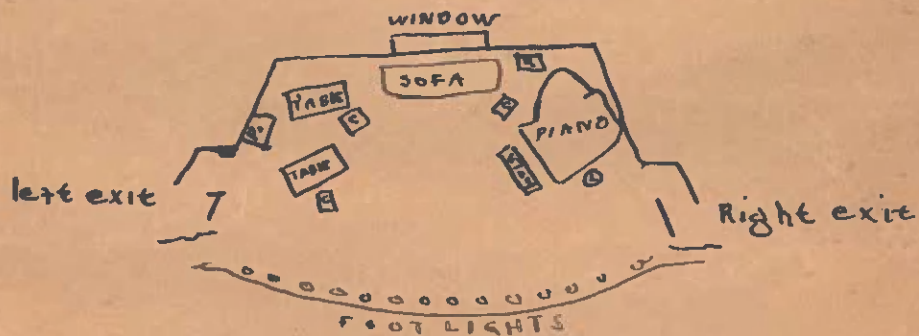
by

R A W S O N
S P E E R

We write of youth, and
wide bottom pants. We show
the skill and beauty of a
mother who knows how to make
her Husband do just what she
wants him to.



SCENERY PLAN FOR THIRTY INCHES



All of the entrances to the right are to the kitchen of the house and all exits to the left are either to the upstairs or outside.

THIRTY INCHES

Characters

Dick Forest----- who wants 'em thirty inches

Mr. Forest----- who wants 'em ten inches

Mrs. Forest----- who wants peace

Peggy Forest----- who wants 'em like Alfred's

Alfred Kenway----- who has 'em

A C T I

The scene is the living room of the Forest home. The Forests are a typical modern family. Of course there is a radio, phonograph and a piano in the room. A sofa, library table and several other pieces of furniture, chairs flower tables and floor pillows. Also in the room is that bright and firm institution known as the reading lamp. The room should in every way represent a modern home. The entrances are at the right and the left, and a window with curtains drawn is in the center of the room. A few pictures are on the wall. Great and successful playwrights say in their manuscripts that their play is the play without a telephone, but my play must have one, so you will find it at its duty on the library table.

As the curtain rises the only light to be seen is the reading lamp. After a short pause Dick Forest enters very cautiously at the left. He carries a suit box under his arm. Thinking the room is too dark he turns on the rest of the lights by pushing a button at the left. He then looks about to see that no one is sitting in the room on any of the chairs. When he sees that he is alone he sighs and lays the suit box on the table. He then opens the box and takes from it a pair of thirty inch Oxford Bags. With true masculine vanity he gazes upon them and thinks of how nicely they will look upon him. He holds them to his side and struts about the room. Then he lays them across the back of a chair very carefully. After this is finished he crosses to the right and calls softly)

Dick- Mother. Mother.

Mrs. Forest (off right) Yes, what is it, dear?

Dick- Come here a minute, will you?

(Mrs. Forest enters at the right. She is a woman of about forty five. Mrs. Forest has been washing up the dinner dishes so she wipes her hands on her apron fully expecting that Dick likely wishes her to straighten up his collar or something. Dick is typical of a modern high school student. He wears a medium sized pair of pants and is in his shirt sleeves at present. If one can excuse patent leather hair and patent leather shoes, Dick is a handsome young man.)

Mrs. F.- What is it, Dick? I was just washing up the dishes.

Dick (very important) Shhhhh! Where's dad?

Mrs. F.- He's upstairs shaving. Why?

Dick (placing his arm around her as though preparing her for a shock) I----I---got 'em, nother!

Mrs. F. (not understanding) You've got what?

Dick (leading her to the pants on the back of the chair) The Oxford bags! (he holds them up proudly)

Mrs. F. (looking at the wide expanse of goods with horror) Dick! Good land, why did you get them?

Dick- Huh? So's I can strut my stuff.

Mrs. F.- Oh, but, Dick, your father will never consent to your wearing them.

Dick- Now listen, mother, you've got to help me.

Mrs. F.- Oh, why did you ever buy them, Dick?

Dick- Well, I wanted to go to the senior party tonight looking snappy. Gee whiz, mom, every guy in school but me is wearing Oxford bags!

Mrs. F.- Your father said he'd just as soon you'd go out on the street in your night gown as in a pair of those pants.

Dick- I know it. Father is unreasonable!

Mrs. F. (examining the pants critically) How much did they cost?

Dick (slowly) Er-----seventeen dollars----

Mrs. F. (sitting down stunned) Seventeen dollars!

Dick- And a half.

Mrs. F.- My heavens, that much money ought to buy a whole suit!

Dick (going to her in a pleading way) Now listen, mother, please won't you help me? I've got to wear these pants. I don't want Alice to be ashamed of me. Alfred Kenway is going to wear his tonight.

Mrs. F.- But what can I do with your father, Dick?

Dick- Mother, you don't care if I wear Oxford bags, do you?
(Mrs. Forest looks questioningly at the pants) You wouldn't want your son to be the only one in school that did not have a pair of Oxford bags, would you?

Mrs. F.- Well, Dick, you've surely known your father long enough to know that when he makes up his mind every one else has to change his.

Dick- Yes, but I've known you long enough to know that your quiet sweet ways have calmed many of his bursts of thunder.

Mrs. F.- Yes, but I'm afraid this is too big a task, Dick!

Dick (nearly on his knees) No it isn't. You can do anything, mother. Please do. I've got to have them!

(Peggy Forest enters at the left singing lightly. Peggy is a typical high school girl and she is dressed in her most eccentric costume for the senior party. If you like fast, rather flippant girls, you will like Peggy and think she is pretty. She stops short when she sees Dick and her mother)

Peggy (going to her mother) Why what's the matter, mother dear?

Mrs. F. (pointing to the pants) Look!

Peggy (taking the pants) Oh, aren't they lovely? Is Dick going to wear them tonight?

Dick- I want to.

Peggy- Oh, that's lovely. Say, they're the cats-----but father!

Dick (gloomily) Yes, father!

Peggy- Has he seen 'em yet?

Dick- No.

Mrs. F.- But when he does!

Peggy- I can see fire right now, Dick!

Mrs. F.- How wide are those pants, Dick?

Dick (proudly) Thirty inches!

Mrs. F. (fanning herself) Heavens! Thirty inches!

Peggy- Alfred's are thirty inches too.

Mrs. F.- Children, I'm afraid your father is going to make a terrible scene tonight.

Peggy- Mother, you must make father let Dick keep them, though. Poor Dick, he looks like an antique, now!

Dick- I know it, the only guy in school besides me that hasn't got 'em is the janitor!

Mrs. F.- Well, I will speak to him.

Dick (kissing her) Gee, you're a bear, mother!

Mrs. F.- Your father is a bear, Dick. Hide those pants in your room until after I talk with your father.

Dick (putting them back in the box) All right, make it snappy, though, I want to wear 'em tonight.

Mrs. F. (rising and going to the right) I will do my best, dear.

(she exits at the right)

Peggy- Mother's a brick!

Dick- I'll say she is, now if dad will only listen to reason.

Peggy- Are you going to take Alice tonight, Dick?

Dick- Yeah. I suppose Alfred'll take you?

Peggy- He phoned a while ago and said he would be over after while.

Dick- I guess I'll give Alice a ring and find out what time she wants me to come.

Peggy (consulting her wrist watch) Its eight o'clock now.

Dick- Goodnight, is it that late? (he crosses to the telephone. Peggy sits down in a chair and picks up a magazine.) Central, 1432, please---hello Alice? ---This is Dick-----Bay I got 'em! -----No, Oxford bags! Yeah, I'm gonna wear 'em tonight. All right. I'll be over about eight thirty. So short. (he hangs up) Gee! she's a swell girl.

Peggy- She'll do.

Mr. F. (off stage) Now where's the paper, mother? Confound it! I want the paper!

Mrs. F. - You have it in your hand, dear.

Mr. F.- What-----well why didn't you tell me?

(Peggy and Dick look weakly at each other)

Peggy- Father is in another fit!

Dick- And I've got to ask him for some money and the car!

Peggy(rising) I pity you. I'm going upstairs.

Dick- Well, take this with you.

(he hands her the suit box which she takes smiling)

Peggy (laughing at Dick's uneasiness) Don't weaken, old boy, stay right in there! (she exits at the left just as Mr. Forest enters at the right in much the same mood as an enraged devil fish. He is a stout man of about fifty. He carries the evening paper in his hand. Dick gulps and looks faintly at his father.)

Dick- Ah-----Hello, dad.

Mr. F.- Well, where are you going tonight?

Dick- To the senior class party.

Mr. F.- That's about all you ever think of, isn't it?

(Mr. Forest sits down in the easy chair, settles himself and prepares for an evening of utter silence)

Dick- Er-----no sir, dad.

Mr. F.- Well, what else do you think about then?

Dick- Er-----I was thinking----

Mr. F.- I don't believe it!

Dick- I was just wondering if I could have the car tonight, dad?

Mr. F. (handing him the keys to the car in a mechanical fashion as this isn't the first time Dick has asked for the car) I thought it was something like that.

Dick (smiling) And----

Mr. F. (giving him a tired look) And what-----are you thinking some more?

Dick- Er-----I-----I-----need a little money----

Mr. F. (throwing down the paper) What! Broke again! Where's all that money I gave you last week, young man?

Dick (pulling his pockets inside out to show that they are empty)
Er-----I-----

Mr. F.- I nothing! Look here, what do you think I am, a bank or a mint?

Dick- All I need is five dollars.

Mr. F. (sarcastic) Is that all? Well, well, well, well!

Dick- Yes, sir.

Mr. F.- I oughtn't to give you a cent, but I suppose you'll have

to have it now. (he hands Dick a five dollar bill)

Dick- Thanks! Dad, thanks!

Mr. F.- Oh, yes, yes, why don't you kiss me?

Dick (laughing) I will if you want me to!

Mr. F.- What?-----get out of here!

Dick (about to exit at the left) Yes, dad!

Mr. F.- Oh, Dick, just a minute.

Dick (pausing at the door) Yes, sir?

Mr. F. (going to Dick in a more tender manner) Say, Dick---(he places his arm on Dick's shoulder in a fatherly fashion) You aren't bugs over those crazy Oxford bags, are you? You know the kind those weak headed drug store cowboys wear. I can forgive you for any thing but that, my boy.

Dick (stammering) Ah, er-----no er-----

Mr. F. (smiling and patting him on the back) I'm glad to hear it, my boy! Glad to hear it!

Dick (weakly) Yes, sir---er has mother seen you---er I mean said anything to you yet, dad?

Mr. F. (going back to his chair and sitting down) No. Does she want to see me?

Dick- I think so!

(Dick exits at the left)

Mr. F. (chuckling) Hmummm! Dick isn't such a bad kid after all. I'm glad my son had higher ideals than thirty inch pants. I wouldn't even let any of my kin be seen on the street with a man who would wear a pair of them. (the door bell at the left rings) Come in!

(the door at the left opens and Alfred Kenway enters wearing a pair of light Oxford bags and a dark double breasted coat. Mr. Forest rises and adjust his glasses with an air of stern disgust)

Alfred (advancing his hand to Mr. Forest) Howdy, Mr. Forest, is Peggy ready yet?

(Mr. Forest ignores Alfred's extended hand, but going to him stoops down and pulls up the bottom of his trousers and then with absolute hatred lets them fall)

Mr. F.- My saints!

Alfred (puzzled) Why what's the matter?

Mr. F.- Do you intend to take my daughter any where with a pair

of those balloons on?

Alfred- Why----what do you mean by that?

Mr. F.- Alfred, I'm surprised, I always thought you were a fairly nice boy.

Alfred- Surely, Mr. Forest, you are not a radical?

Mr. F.- No, I'm a man!

Alfred- Of course.

Mr. F.- And that's more than I can say for any pin-head that would wear a pair of Oxford-bags.

(Peggy enters at the left carrying her coat and hat. She quickly goes to Alfred)

Peggy- Oh, Alfred, I'm so glad that you are here!

Alfred- Your father seems to be of a different opinion, Peggy.

Peggy (turning to her father) Why father?

Mr. F.- Peggy, do you mean to tell me that you are willing to be seen on the street with any man who would wear the kind of pants Alfred has?

Peggy- Why, of course, daddy, every one is wearing them.

Mr. F. (slamming his fist upon the table) They are not!

Peggy- Father!

Mr. F.- Peggy, I refuse to allow you to go anywhere with Alfred as long as he is wearing those skirts!

Peggy- Now, father, you be reasonable!

Mr. F.- You heard what I said!

(Mrs. Forest enters at the right. Peggy goes to her mother)

Peggy- Oh, Mother!

Mrs. F.- Yes, dear, what is it?

Peggy- Father won't let me go with Alfred any more!

Mr. F.- Not on your life!

Mrs. F. (going to Mr. Forest) Father, aren't you acting a trifle harsh with Peggy?

Mr. F.- No, do you think I want my daughter going around with any one who would wear thirty inch pants?

Mrs. F.- But nearly every one is wearing them.

Mr. F.- No "he" man is wearing them. Every sawed off, flat headed, runt is wearing them, but the he men of the country still stick to pants and not skirts. You don't see my boy, Dick, wearing any of those skirts, do you? (proudly) No, sir, he's a he man!

Peggy- And so is Alfred!

Mr. F.- He is not!

Mrs. F.- Father, please.

Mr. F.- I will not! (to Alfred) Young man, I don't mean man, there is no use in your waiting for Peggy. When she goes to a party she will have a man to take her. There's the door!

Alfred (starting) Very well, sir, I see it!

Mr. F.- Take your pants and leave!

Peggy (beginning to cry) No, he isn't going! Don't go, Alfred! Mother, do something.

Mr. F.- Either leave my house at once, or I'll plant my boot in your pretty trousers. (he starts for Alfred)

Mrs. F. (stopping him) Father!

Peggy- If Alfred leaves, I go with him!

Mr. F.- You'll do nothing of the sort.

Peggy- I will! I will! I am going to that party with Alfred!

(Peggy goes to Alfred's side)

Mr. F. (starting for Peggy) I'll show you, young lady! I'm the boss around here!

(Peggy screams and Alfred steps in front of him)

Alfred- Mr. Forest, your actions are like those of a wild man. It is my duty to see that you do not lay a hand on your daughter when you are in this sort of a temper.

Mr. F. (exploding) What! Your duty? Why I'll----- (he raises his hand to strike Alfred just as the telephone rings)

Mrs. F.- Shhhhhh! (she answers the phone as they all listen)
Hello. Yes, I'll call him.

Mr. F.-, Who is it?

Mrs. F.- Alice. She wants Dick.

Peggy (calling off left) Dick, Alice is calling!

(Dick enters at the right all dressed for the party. He now wears his Oxford bags and double breasted coat presenting much the same appearance as Alfred. Mr. Forest almost chokes. Dick stops at the center realizing he is in it)

Mr. F.- Dick! Dick! My son!

Dick (weakly) Yes-----yes----sir.

Mrs. F.- Dick, Alice wants you on the phone.

(Dick goes to the phone. Peggy and Alfred are laughing. Mr. Forest is almost choking with rage)

Dick- Hello,-----yes, I'm leaving right now. Is it? I'll hurry. Yeah, Alfred and Peggy will go with us. -----Hey! I got 'em on now!----yeah, ---swell! Good-bye. (he hangs up the receiver and looks at his father awkwardly)

Peggy- Dick's a he man! He! HE! he!

Mr. F. (very sternly) Dick!

Dick (shaking slightly) Y-e-s-s-s-s, sir?

Mr. F.- Where did you get them?

Dick- I----I---bought 'em today.

Mr. F.- And you intend to wear them on the street?

Dick (gulping) I--I---want to.

(Mrs. Forest looks worried. Alfred and Peggy look at Mr. Forest. Dick fidgets nervously)

Mr. F. (slowly) You bought them without my consent?

Dick- Y-e-s-s-s-s-s, sir.

Mr. F.- You knew what I thought of them?

Dick- Well, ah-----er----er----

Mr. F. (speaking in much the same way that a judge would pronounce a death sentence) Take off those pants, and----burn them!

(they all gasp)

Dick- Dad!

Mr. F.- Take off those pants!

Dick- But, dad-----the party?

Mr. F.- As long as your name is Dick Forest you will not be seen on the street in those pants.

Dick- Oh, but, dad. I'm the only one at school that hasn't 'em!

Mr. F.- And you'll stay that way!

Dick- Oh, dad, be reasonable!

Peggy- Please let him have them, daddy.

Mr. F.- How much did those zeppelins cost?

Dick- Er----seven----seven----

Mr. F.- Seven what?

Dick- Seven----seventeen----

Mr. F.- Seventeen dollars!

Dick- And a half.

Mr. F.- Great Scott!!!! (Mr. Forest paces up and down the room mumbling)

Dick- It was a bargain.

Mr. F.- What!!

Alfred (unable to keep from laughing) This is----is----ha, ha!

Mr. F.- Are you laughing at me?

Alfred- Er-----ha! ha! ha, ha ha!

Mr. F.- You get out of here. Leave my house!

(Mr. Forest is about to push Alfred out when Mrs. Forest finds herself)

Mrs. F.- Alfred, you stay here.

Mr. F.- What do you agree with these young lunatics?

Mrs. F.- Lunatics, indeed! They would not be young folks unless they had funny ideas. Alfred may remain in my house as long as he likes.

Mr. F.- Your house?

Mrs. F.- I'm your wife. This house is half mine.

Mr. F.- My own wife turning against me! OH!

Mrs. F.- Not turning against you, merely trying to make you be reasonable.

Mr. F.- Reasonable! Reasonable! No be reasonable and allow my son to wear thirty inch pants!

Mrs. F.- If he likes them, what harm is there in wearing them?

Mr. F.- All the harm in the world. Look at the kind of people that wear them. Just take a look at them!

Mrs. F.- I have.

Mr. F.- Nothing but the worst of loafers wear them. Corner loafers! Drug Store loafers! Fools! Flatheads! Greasy Sheiks! And common scum!

Peggy- Father!

Mr. F.- Well, that's all any one is that would wear a pair of the fool things. (Mr. Forest is of an excitable nature and he has completely lost his temper. He really does not mean all that he says in his speeches. He is beyond control now, and grits his teeth in true mad dog fashion)

Mrs. F. (calmly) And you call them young lunatics!

Mr. F.- All of them! Well, I cannot throw Alfred out of the house as I would like to, but I can keep Peggy and Dick home from that party tonight-----and that's what I'm going to do!

Dick- Father!

Peggy- Father!

Mr. F.- I mean it, neither one of you will leave this house tonight.

Dick- Now listen here, dad!

Mr. F.- Shut up! Not a word! Sit down!

Alfred- Mr. Forest, I implore you to be reasonable!

Mr. F. - What! are you speaking to me?

Alfred- Er---yes!

Mr. F.- Shut up! You were not!

Peggy (going to her mother) Oh, mother, please can't you do something with father?

Mr. F.- Young lady, your mother does not control my brain. You may just as well sit down all of you. You'll not leave this house.

Peggy- Now, father, this isn't right!

Mr. F. (looking at her so savegly she is glad to sit down) Whatt!

Dick (suddenly becoming brave) Well, I'm not going to stay home and keep Alice waiting. I'll go without your consent!

Mr. F. (pushing Dick on a chair) You'll do nothing of the sort!

(Peggy is now crying. Dick is divided between fear and revolt. Mrs. Forest has a plan but she sees it is not the correct time to work it yet, so she allows Mr. Forest to rave on. Alfred sits down near Peggy.)

Peggy- Father is so unreasonable!

(Mr. Forest looks about him with a rather pretended smile on his face since he sees he has been successful in making them all be seated)

Mr. F. - Well, now you see how I stand on thirty inch bags. Perhaps you young upstarts will have a good time in your pants here at home!

(Mr. Forest laughs a little harshly to show that he does not think he is the least bit cruel and then with a decidedly proud air he sits down and buries his head in a newspaper. Mrs. Forest smiles with pity at the young folks. Dick shuffles uneasily, looks at his watch and then bites his finger nails. There follows a moment of dead silence. Nothing is said, but much is thought. Like the sudden clang of a fire bell in the still night the telephone suddenly rings. Dick jumps up)

Dick- Its Alice! Oh, what can I tell her!

Mr. F.- Tell her your naughty papa wouldn't let his sweet "itty" boy go out in the night air.

Dick (answering the phone) Hello----(dully) Yes, this is he. Is it----it----late? Well, ----er---- (Dick looks hopeless not knowing what excuse to make) I----I---the car is broken down. -----Who? (he bites his lip) Fred Conway! is he at your house? ----Well, er----it may take a long time to fix the car----Does he? -----Oh, er----no, I don't care. Go ahead and let him take you!-----Good-bye! (he hangs up the receiver and drops in a chair. Mrs. Forest crosses to his side) Oh, I knew it! I knew it! He's there! I haven't got a chance! The last party of the year! The last class dance!

Mrs. F. (trying to comfort him) What is it, Dick?

Dick- Fred Conway! Alice said it was too late. He's taking her to the party. (Dick is broken and falls on her shoulder) Oh, mother!

Mrs. F. (stroking his head) There, there, there, Dick, it will be all right!

Dick- It won't be all right! The last chance I had of flashing class with Alice! and now its ruined! Ruined! All because my father is a stubborn---old---old---- (Dick crosses to the extreme left and sits down. Mr. Forest does not once show his face from behind the paper.)

Mrs. F.- Control yourself, Dick!

(the telephone rings and Peggy answers it)

Peggy- Hello-----

Alfred- Who is it?

Peggy- Its the gang at the party! (Alfred crosses to the phone)

Yes, well-----oh, of course we're coming! ----well the car broke down. Oh, no, no, don't come after us! We'll be there soon! Please don't! Well, we'll be there if we possibly can! Hello, hello-----hello! -----They've gone! (she hangs up the receiver) They're coming after us! Oh, we'll be disgraced! I can't tell them the truth! (she goes to the sofa sobbing) Father! father! to think you would make such a fuss, simply because Dick wishes to be up to date! To disgrace us, to spoil our fun. Simply because you----you----hate----hate----Oxford bags!!

(Mrs. Forest sees that something must be done, and so pressing her lips with determination she rises. What she is about to do is the same old trick that nearly every wife has played at some time or other in an effort to chide her husband. Mrs. Forest has never used this old but effective method before, because she really respects her husband's love letters, but she can think of no other method to settle all of the trouble now. Mr. Forest sense that she is about to do something and his fingers work nervously on the paper, but he does not show his face. The rest watch her closely. She goes to the library table and takes from the drawer a small box which at one time contained candy but is now filling the official job of holding all of her love letters and photos. Mr. Forest looks from behind the paper long enough to see what she is getting. His expression is all but pleasant. Mrs. Forest sits down in the center of the stage and opening the box she takes from it some photographs. Mr. Forest has let his paper fall and he watches her closely as does Peggy, Dick and Alfred. Mrs. Forest sorts out of the bunch of pictures six which she appears to approve of and lays them on the table. Then she takes a pack of letters out of the box and removes the pink ribbon that binds them together. Mr. Forest looks down right worried)

Mrs. F. (rising with the photos in her hand) Children, what you need now is a good laugh. (her features are grim and pressed being far from any tone of laughter. She hands two pictures to Dick, two to Alfred and two to Peggy) Look, and then laugh! The funny man in the odd clothes was your father twenty five years ago! (Mr. Forest quickly buries his face behind the newspaper. The young folks all break into roars of laughter. Mrs. Forest still remains serious.)

Dick- Oh, boy! what a tie! Ha! ha! (he forgets about Fred Conway and completely forgets himself in laughter) Talk about comic valentines!

Peggy- Oh, look at that, would you? Isn't it a scream! I can't believe they are actual photographs! (she holds her sides and laughs)

Alfred- But, Peggy, look at those pants! Oh, Dick, just look at them! (the three all get together and completely relax in laughter realizing that it is a form of revenge. They continue to laugh and remark. After Mrs. Forest feels that they have had their share of laughs she solemnly collects the photos)

Peggy- Oh, mother, those are the cats!

Alfred- Very clever cartoons!

Dick- And he kicks about Oxford bags!

Mrs. F. (with deep meaning) Twenty five years ago every one wore those kind of pants.

Dick (still laughing) Did they? Its a wonder they didn't die!

Peggy- I've never laughed so hard in all my life!

Mrs. F.- Now if you will listen I will read you a letter.

Peggy- If its as funny as the pictures I'm afraid I can't stand it.

(the three all huddle together on the sofa. Mrs. Forest opens a letter and with slightly trembling lips begins to read)

Mrs. F.- Dearest Winnie: I had another quarrel with dad. Its all his fault, though. I had a swell pair of patent leather shoes, and a checkered suit with a three inch cuff at the bottom. Then I bought a white velvet vest and the very best celluloid on the market. Believe me, I was certainly a fast looking fellow! Well, what does dad do, but tell me to eithe junk the stuff I was wearing or the leave the house and never come back again. He is my own father, but he won't tell me how to dress. (Mr. Forest works his fingers nervously as all three of the young ones look accusingly at him) He said I looked like a side walk sport, a Bowery tough, and a common bit of scum. I wouldn't stand for that so I left and I'll never step a foot inside of his door as long as I live unless he apologizes. Yours with love, at least you do not want me to look like an antique. Your lover always, John Forest. (she holds the letter close to her)

Dick (after a deep pause) Did dad write that letter?

Mrs. F.- Yes, Dick.

Peggy- How long ago?

Mrs. F.- Twenty six years ago!

(there is a pause . Mr. Forest is beaten, and they all know it. They want him to say something and express their desire in little "ahems"/An auto horn is heard off left and they all start)

Peggy- Oh, mother, that's the gang!

Dick- Can we go?

Peggy- Oh, we can't say no to them!

(they all look at Mr. Forest pleasingly, but he does not move)

Dick (as the honking continues) Oh, mother, we've got to go!

Peggy- Oh, please make him let us go.

Mrs. F. (slowly but with certainty) You need not wait for your father to say yes. Go on to your party. Father doesn't care.

Dick (rushing to her) Mother!

Peggy (kissing her) You dear!

Dick(dancing around the room) Boy! won't these pants look swell when I'm dancing? Just look how they flap!

Peggy- But father hasn't said we may go yet?

(Peggy looks at Mr. Forest)

Mrs. F.- Peggy dear, go on to your party.

Dick- I'll show Fred Conway he can't beat me when it comes to class!

Peggy- Come on, let's hurry.

(Alfred helps Peggy put on her coat. Dick still experiments with his pants by twisting his leg in various ways so the bottoms of his pants will flap back and fourth)

Alfred- You're certainly wonderful, Mrs. Forest!

(The honking starts again)

Peggy- Oh, hurry! Come on. Let's go! (she grabs Alfred's arm)
Ta, ta, ta! mother. Bye, bye, daddy dear!

Dick- Gee, my pants are swell!

Peggy- They're the cats whiskers!

(Peggy and Alfred exit arm in arm)

Alfred- Here we come!

(Dick exits last still admiring his pants)

Dick- Hey! Gang! I got 'em!-----thirty inches!

(the door bangs. Mrs. Forest looks straight ahead. Laughter and cheers with the chugging of a motor is heard off the left. Mrs. Forest slowly places the letters and photos back in the box and then puts it in the drawer. Mr. Forest has dropped his paper and his head is on his chest. She looks at him lovingly and starts to his side to caress him when a better thought strikes her and she softly creeps to the left and turns off all of the lights but the reading lamp which casts a soft glow about the room. She is a wise woman and she knows that even married love does not flourish best in well lighted rooms, but rather in soft amorous tints. Seeing the light is just right she crosses to the piano and begins playing softly "Loves Old Sweet Song". As the music still plays Mr. Forest crosses to the piano and bending over her tenderly takes her hand)

Mr. F.- Winnie-----I-----I-----guess I've been an old fool again.

Mrs. F. (smiling) You lost your temper again, John.

(she continues to play and he sits on the stool beside her)

Mr. F. (with all the vim of youthful love) Winnie----Winnie-----
you're wonderful!

Mrs. F. (stopping suddenly) John, do you know what I am going to
give you for your birthday?

Mr. F. - No what?

Mrs. F. (laughing) A PAIR OF THIRTY INCH OXFORD BAGS!!

Mr. F.- What!

(the curtain falls quickly)

"Men may state that woman is the cause of war, but also
woman is the cause of peace, and a more beautiful or more true
symbol of peace will never be found that will compare with that
of a mother"